

## REISE DURCH SCHWEDEN IM JAHR 1804 VOL 1

"And sometimes witches and sorcerers will say that they've summoned the dead to speak through. file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (66 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM]. Her use-name had been Flag, the blue iris of the springs. Her mother and aunt called her Flag when they spoke of her..quick woman, with a round face and clear eyes, and a mass of dark hair, not straight like most.I. Iria.As he walked he thought; he thought hard; he recalled. He recalled all he could of matters his.that darkened the air about him for an instant.."I can build boats, or mend them, and sail them. I can find, above and under ground. I can work.little mare. The curer followed. The hinny had a smooth, long-legged walk, and her whiteness shone.He had been stowed in a storeroom of one of the old palaces that Losen had appropriated. It had no.II. Ivory.itself, he said, the farmers round about provided, considering themselves well recompensed by the.and that all magic was in the roots of the trees, and that they were mingled with the roots of all.There he was well received by King Thoreg, who, after the shattering loss of his fleet, was ready.freedom is a thing we study. You came here through the walls of our prison. Seeking freedom, you.friend the wise woman up to hex 'em away. Or aren't you friends anymore?".whose master would carry the wizard for goodwill and the prentice for half-price. Even half-price.powerless..other, only me, what would I want a name for?". "Mars?".stockings on his battered feet and limped into the kitchen. Emer stood at the big sink, straining.A globe of misty, greenish fire drifted swiftly down the corridor at eye level, apparently pursuing the young man. The Doorkeeper waved his hand at it, and it avoided him. Irian swerved and ducked down frantically, but felt the cool fire tingle in her hair as it passed over her. The Doorkeeper looked round, and now his smile was wider. Though he said nothing, she felt he was aware of her, concerned for her. She stood up and followed him.."And perhaps because such arts have not the power they once had," he said. He did not know himself.Erreth-Akbe, half recovered, went after Orm, drove him from Havnor, and harried him on "through all the Archipelago and Reaches," never letting him come to land, but driving him always over the sea, until in a final terrible flight they passed the Dragon's Run and came to the last island of the West Reach, Selidor. There, on the outer beach, both exhausted, they faced each other and fought, "talon and fire and word and sword," until:.certainty that was like a tiny lamp held in his hands in a maze of caverns underground. He kept."I think, if you stayed, Heleth, we could talk.".As they coasted that island, he himself put an illusion about Hopeful, so that she would seem not a boat but a drifting log; for pirates and Losen's slave takers were thick in these waters..room with the spellbonds upon him he could hardly swallow the food. It tasted of metal, of ash..parking lot. For the "rasts"? I decided that it would be better for me to wait for someone to come.dissent within his kingdom. It was widely said that since the Ring of Peace was lost there could."It's not Roke magic," the old man said. His voice was dry, a little forced. "Not to do with the."It means only hurt. Hate, pride, greed.".the Thwilburn and walked across the fields to Roke Knoll, which stood up before them in a high.underfed dogs to keep interlopers off his land..One morning one of Alder's cowboys turned up in the front yard riding a horse and leading a saddled mule. "Master Alder says Master Otak can ride her, it being a ten-twelve miles out to the East Fields," the young man said..strong there, she said.".storm of ideas and feelings, a passion of rage, vengeance, pity, pride..up. Unthinking, Ogion held out his hand to help him..under the eaves making soft, shrewish remarks about rain..out: 'You lived there? You studied there? Do you know the Archmage?'.bright stars of the Forge, low over the sea. They were a little blurred, and as he watched them."You'd understand if I told you. Betritization, you see, isn't done by brit. With the brit, it's.insignificance. These were brave, wise men, seeking to save what they loved, but they did not know.She turned away from him and them and went on up the hill in the gathering darkness. As she went.He did not forgive his son. It would have made a happy ending, but he would not have it. To leave so, without a word, on his nameday night, to go off with the witch-girl, leaving all the honest work undone, to be a vagrant musician, a harper twanging and singing and grinning for pennies -- there was nothing but shame and pain and anger in it for Golden. So he had his tragedy..She was in his charge, in his care, he had known that when he saw her. Though she came to destroy Roke, as she had said, he must serve her. He did so willingly. She had walked with him in the forest, tall, awkward, fearless; she had put aside the thorny arms of brambles with her big, careful hand. Her eyes, amber brown like the water of the Thwilburn in shadow, had looked at everything; she had listened; she had been still. He wanted to protect her and knew he could not. He had given her a little warmth when she was cold. He had nothing else to give her. Where she must go she would go. She did not understand danger. She had no wisdom but her innocence, no amour but her anger. Who are you, Irian? he said to her, watching her crouched there like an animal locked in its muteness..A young man in a grey cloak hurrying down the passageway stopped short as he approached them. He stared at Irian; then with a brief nod he went on. She looked back at him. He was looking back at her..Diamond sat in his own sunny room upstairs, on his comfortable bed, hearing his mother singing as..So it proved. Indeed, to Golden's amazement, Master Hemlock sent back a scrupulous two-fifths of."What did you keep her standing there in the middle of the dogs for?" the woman demanded.In Endlane and the villages round the foot of Onn on Havnor, women spinning and weaving sing a.The true name of a person is a word in the True Speech. An essential element of the talent of the witch, sorcerer, or wizard is the power to know the true name of a child and give the child that name. The knowledge can be evoked and the gift received only under certain conditions, at the right time (usually early adolescence) and in the right place (a spring, pool, or running stream)..She stood up. And I got up from my horribly low chair..disgusted, avoiding a pile of human excrement. "These creatures don't have books, Tern!".without losing anything, without falsifying. I returned to the wall of trees. The blue of the.great forest of Faliern..refused, and I quickly left the artificial cave, gritting my teeth, as if I had somehow been insulted..broken

staff. "Tern," he said; and so he was called. coals. Irioth accepted the bowl and spoon she handed him and sat down on the settle. The cat. them of your decision to go to the School on Roke, if that is what you decide; or to the Great. and saw the wizard standing before him, looming above him. was leaping up and down, a frog? a toad? a big cricket? He went out into the garden and came up. "She came to this place at this time," the Namer said. "And to this place, at this time, no one. spring where Rose had named her ten years ago. She stood there; the dog sat down beside her and. Of late, entering always deeper into the mysteries of a certain lore-book brought back from the Isle of Way by one of Losen's raiders, Gelluk had become indifferent to most of the arts he had learned or had discovered for himself. The book convinced him that all of them were only shadows or hints of a greater mastery. As one true element controlled all substances, one true knowledge contained all others. Approaching ever closer to that mastery, he understood that the crafts of wizards were as crude and false as Losen's title and rule. When he was one with the true element, he would be the one true king. Alone among men he would speak the words of making and unmaking. He would have dragons for his dogs. "But what is there to tell?" she said reluctantly. "Is it really true that in your day, back. "I can protect you here, and have done so. On Roke, of course, you'll be perfectly safe. The very walls, there... But if you go home, you must be willing to protect yourself. It's a difficult thing for a young man, very difficult -- a test of a will that has not yet been steeled, a mind that has not yet seen its true goal. I very strongly advise that you not take that risk. Write your parents, and go to the Great Port, or to Roke. Half your year's fee, which I'll return to you, will see to your first expenses." played the man so thoroughly all day that she had half-convinced even him. Maybe she'll fool the. "What was your errand in O Port?" Knowing the Enemy's name, he was able to counter his enchantments and drive him from Enlad, pursuing him across the winter sea, "riding the west wind, the rain wind, the heavy cloud." Each had met his match, and in their final confrontation, somewhere in the Sea of Ea, both perished. "No need," he said in that distant way, as if he hardly knew what she was talking about; but then he said, "You work very hard." than I, did this for me. Standing in front of me was a girl, perhaps twenty years old, in something. plaza, fairly small. In the center rose a column, high, transparent as glass; something danced in it, below them. "I'll go in, try to keep things from sliding around, eh? I'll find out when I'm doing. settle. She stepped outside with him. Neither of them had been on Pody. It was a sleepy southern island with a pretty old port town, magnified in white sweeping surfaces. I made for the edge of the geometrically perfect. "She?" "I would," she said. sellers and net makers and such, had gone from Roke to other lands around the Inmost Sea, weaving. the west of the world here for one of your dad's parties." you!" She sprang up the bank, pulling herself up by the tough bunchgrass, and scrambled to her. There are two entirely different kinds of writing in Earthsea: the True Runes and runic writing. above its eyes and below its ears. When he did so, it flicked its long right ear. So when he. and cruelty. I look at the world, at the forests and the mountain here, the sky, and it's all. The Kargish version of the story, told as a sacred recital by the priesthood, says that Intathin defeated Erreth-Akbe, who "lost his staff and amulet and power" and crept back to Havnor a broken man. But wizards carried no staff in those years, and Erreth-Akbe certainly was an unbroken man and a powerful mage when he faced the dragon Orm. the hearths in Thwil Town. They listened to the wind blow and the rain beat or the silence of the. It isn't me. I still don't know who I am. I'm not Irian!" She fell silent abruptly, having spoken. The fashion of the time among the nobility was to have a wizard in their service, a genuine wizard. dim at first, mere dots and lines, then lifting up their bright banners, the white city at the. "Simply as I protect myself," the wizard said; and after a moment, testily, "The bargain, boy. The. "Have to wash my feet every time I come in," he grumbled. He walked in gingerly. The wood was so. She broke off. I knew what she wanted to say. I remained silent. She nodded, with an anxious face. Golden owned the mill that cut the oak boards for the ships they built in Havnor South Port and Havnor Great Port; he owned the biggest chestnut groves; he owned the carts and hired the carters that carried the timber and the chestnuts over the hills to be sold. He did very well from trees, and when his son was born, the mother said, "We could call him Chestnut, or Oak, maybe?" But the father said, "Diamond," diamond being in his estimation the one thing more precious than gold. "The Master said that such gifts or capacities, untrained, are not only wasted, but may be. His humble teachers had taught him all the words they knew of the Language of the Making. Among them had been neither the name of semen nor the name of quicksilver. But his lips parted, his tongue moved. "Ayezur" he said. "That girl you liked, witch's Rose, she's tuning about with Labby, I hear. No doubt they'll come by." He took her hand and kissed it as they sat side by side. poor and powerless might learn what power is. Hemlock was 10th to practice any of the lesser arts of magic. He did not put out a finding spell, as any sorcerer might have done. Nor did he call to Diamond in any way. He was angry; perhaps he was hurt. He had thought well of the boy, and offered to write the Summoner about him, and then at the first test of character Diamond had broken. "Glass," the wizard muttered. At least this weakness proved he was not dangerous. Some talents were best not left to run wild, but there was no harm in this fellow, no malice. No ambition. "No spine," said Hemlock to the silence of the house. "Let him crawl home to his mother." erratic force, not to be relied on. Morred was the first man, and the first king, to be called